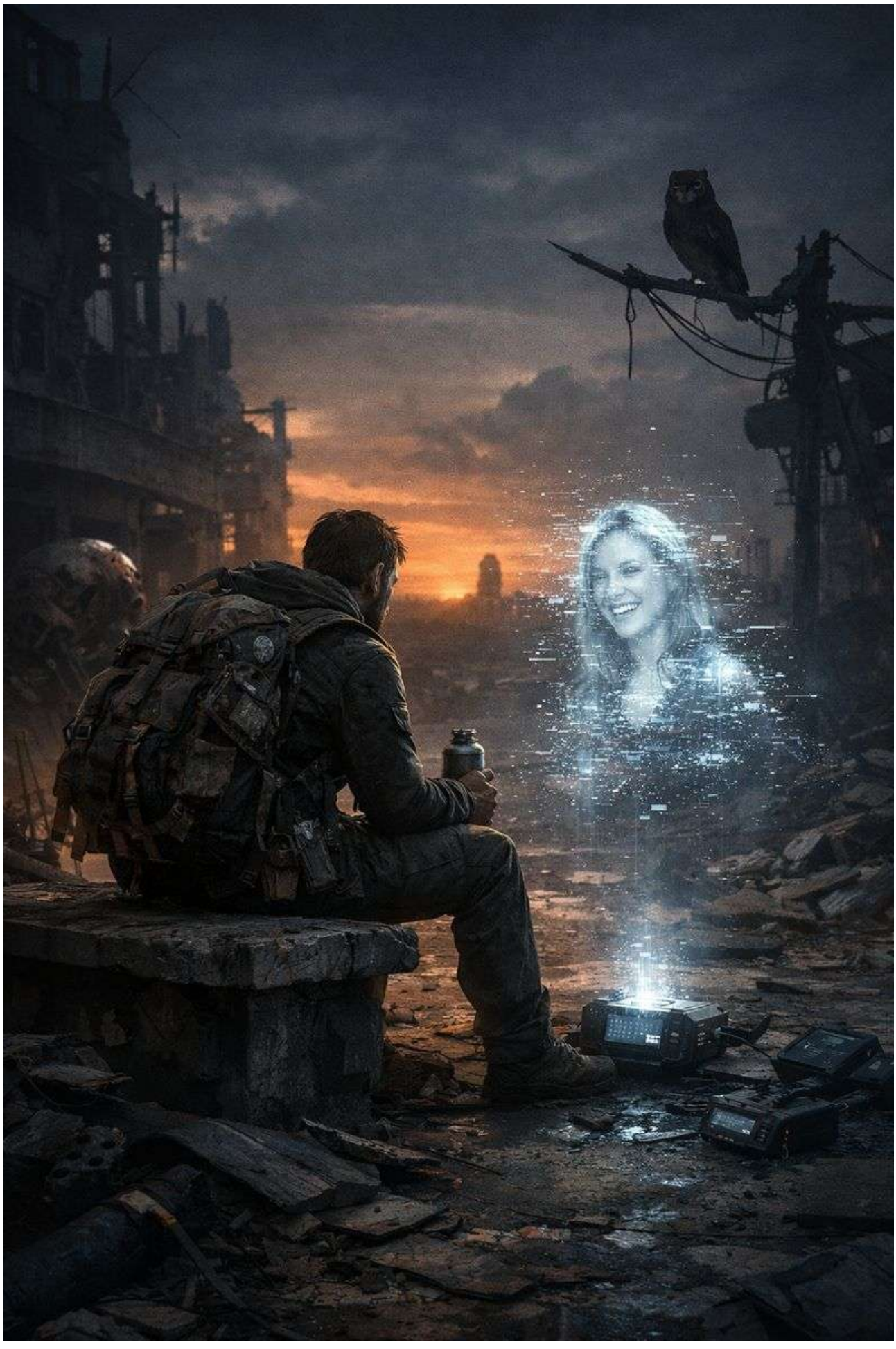

The sun was directly overhead. My gaze fell on a man walking down the street. He strolled slowly past shop windows, looking in here, passing by there. He wasn't looking for anything in particular. He called himself One. One carried a backpack on his back, filled to the brim. It was quiet. Not silent. Birds sang or chirped, a dog barked in the distance. The wind swept around the houses, rattling the doors it set in motion. Overall, a peaceful atmosphere hung over everything.
One sat down and took a sip from his bottle. He no longer knew what this taste was called. Sweet, they used to say. One thought a lot, but there was much he could no longer remember. Many words had simply slipped his mind. It didn't matter. There was no one there to talk to anyway.
Every now and then he found devices with batteries. If you pressed them, music or images sometimes appeared. Small holographic projections that told a story. A story, for example.
The sun had set in the meantime. It was getting dark. An owl hooted. The hologram flickered, then went out. Forever.
The naked ape was dead.

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